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# BRITAIN's GLORY;

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OR,

# A TRIP TO PORTSMOUTH,

14

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

AS IT IS PERFORMED

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN THE

*HAY-MARKET.*

LONDON:
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BRITAN
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# *Dramatis Perſonæ.*

## M E N.

| | |
|---|---|
| Captain Freeman, | Mr. DAVIES. |
| Heartly, | Mr. BLAND. |
| Cabin, | Mr. BENSON. |
| Rudder, | Mr. BANNISTER. |
| Bowſprit, | Mr. COOKE. |
| Sergeant Firelock, | Mr. C. KEMBLE. |
| Corporal Cartridge, | Mr. PALMER, Jun. |
| Flimſey, | Mr. LYONS. |
| Landlord, | Mr. LEDGER. |
| Joe, | Mr. CROSS. |
| Dick, | Mr. WALDRON, Jun. |

*Countrymen, Soldiers, Sailors, &c.*

## W O M E N.

| | |
|---|---|
| Peggy, | Mrs. KEMBLE. |
| Harriet, | Miſs DECAMP. |
| Dolly, | Miſs HEARD. |
| Sally, | Miſs TIDSWELL. |
| Deborah, | Mrs. BOOTH. |
| Suſan, | Mrs. BLAND. |

*Country Girls, &c.*

# BRITAIN's GLORY,

OR,

# A TRIP TO PORTSMOUTH.

---

SCENE, *A Street in Portſmouth.*

*Enter* HEARTLY, *Captain* FREEMAN, *and Sailors following him.* FREEMAN *calls after* HEARTLY.

FREEMAN.

HEARTLY!

HEARTLY.

Ha! welcome from ſea, Captain Freeman, I need not aſk your ſucceſs, for I have heard, and rejoiced at it.

FREEMAN.

Well, but the news at Portſmouth, how are the ladies? Charles, the beauties, the angels?

HEARTLY.

Ay, ay, they are always the firſt objects a ſailor enquires for, when he is ſafe landed.

FREEMAN.

Certainly, though to tell you the truth, my particular enquiry is only directed to one beauty, Miſs Montague, the ward of that curmudgeon, old Scrapeall.

HEARTLY.

How! a ſailor, and think only of one woman, that's ſtrange indeed; however, Jack, if your thoughts muſt be confined to one, take my advice, and do not let that one be Miſs Montague, for her guardian is reſolved to marry her to a rich block-head, that he has lately formed an acquaintance with.

FREEMAN.

Impoſſible! why when I parted from him laſt, he conſented that I ſhould eſpouſe my Harriet on my return, and he can have no reaſon to break his promiſe.

HEARTLY.

Well, well, then I have been miſinformed; but there is ſomething elſe that may draw your attention. His Majeſty means to honour his fleet with a viſit, which is a high gratification to the mind of every officer; and I am ſure to yours in particular.

FREEMAN.

Right; and I think I may venture to ſay he will ſee a ſet of as gallant fellows as ever manned the Britiſh navy, while our fleet can boaſt of ſuch ſpirits as diſtinguiſhed themſelves ſo honourably in our late engagement, England has little to fear from the inſolent threats of our vaunting enemies.

HEARTLY.

Is it true, that the French intended to grant no quarter to their priſoners, had victory declared in their favour?

FREEMAN.

I fear it is; however, we ſcorned to adopt ſuch meaſures, and have treated ours with the greateſt indulgence; to inſult even a foe labouring under misfortune is unworthy the character of an Engliſhman.

HEARTLY.

HEARTLY.

It is ſaid the fleet will ſoon put to ſea again.

FREEMAN.

The ſooner the better, Charles; I never feel more ſatisfaction than when I am joining my endeavours to chaſtiſe the enemies of my country.

## SONG.

Ye true ſons of Britain! whoſe valour and zeal,
All Europe muſt honour, all nations muſt feel,
While with wreaths of freſh laurel your temples are bound,
And the thunders of conqueſt o'er ocean reſound,
Gallant Howe led the way, Britiſh tars won the day,
Whoſe hearts, warm and ſteady,
Were loyal and ready,
To prove, that our glory—will never decay.

Our navy triumphant, ſhall guard our fair iſle,
Where the Loves and the Graces exultingly ſmile;
Where the natives are dauntleſs, and ſtill ſhall be bleſt,
For the bulwark of Freedom is rear'd in each breaſt;
Then for Howe let us join a proud wreath to entwine,
While true Britiſh glory
Shall ſtill live in ſtory,
For Fame gives to Valour—a title divine.

The breezes that bore them acroſs the wide ſea,
Like the champions of Virtue and Britain, were free,
The white foaming billows were glitt'ring and gay,
Reflecting with triumph the heav'n-ſmiling day!
Britiſh tars ſtill ſhall reign o'er the vaſt ſwelling main,
With hearts warm and ſteady,
Undaunted and ready,
To lead them to conqueſt—again and again.

The Guardians of Albion each peril can brave,
Like the ſun, fraught with glory, tho' rough as the wave;
Like the winds, to all points, ſhall their valour extend,
And their minds prove as firm as the rocks they defend.
Let the loud roaring main echo back the proud ſtrain,
Our tars ſhall be ready,
Undaunted and ſteady,
To prove their own virtue—again and again. *

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* DEBORAH *and* PEGGY.

DEBORAH.

Lackaday! Peggy, child, how can'ſt talk in this manner? how can'ſt thee wiſh to ſee Richard any more, when thee know'ſt he left thee behind to go ſailing on the ſalt ſeas.

PEGGY.

Well aunt, I like him the better for it, you know his King demanded his aſſiſtance, and I ſhou'd have deem'd him unworthy of my eſteem, hadn't he chearfully obey'd the call; conſider it was to ſecure our ſafety that he went abroad, for how ſhould we be able to live comfortably at home, were it not for our brave countrymen defying every danger in order to defeat our enemies, and preſerve our religion and our laws?

DEBORAH.

Law! why there is no occaſion to fight about law ſure? Or if there is, let them ſet the lawyers at work, and they will battle them with a vengeance, if they are well paid for it, I warrant you.

* For this loyal and patriotic ſong, the author is indebted to the talents of Mrs. Robinſon, whoſe poetical genius is too high in the eſtimation of the public to need any eulogium in this place.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

Dear Aunt, let us haſte to enquire if Richard is ſafe returned.

DEBORAH.

Well, well, thou art a good girl, I muſt ſay, Peggy, ſo I will humour you. Our late lady of the manor beſtowed a power of learning on you to be ſure, and but for the ſad goings on of her huſband Sir Harry, who you know, ſquandered away all their fortune at the gaming table, I dare ſay ſhe would have provided handſomely for you in her will.

PEGGY.

My learning has at leaſt taught me this leſſon, Aunt, to be content with the ſituation I am placed in, which perhaps might not have been the caſe had I moved in a higher ſphere; riches may grace happineſs, but it is virtue only that can beſtow it.

DEBORAH.

Ay, ay, child, you ſay right, the great folks are never happy.

PEGGY.

You miſtake me Aunt; there are many inſtances of felicity amongſt the great, and indeed our ſex cannot copy from a better pattern than the bright example which is ſet them by the firſt female in the kingdom, whoſe virtues have been long beheld with admiration and delight.

DEBORAH.

Ah! Peggy, I am never better pleaſed than when you are prattling or ſinging to me, that is always ſure to put me in good humour. Come child, you ſhall ſing to me as we go along, it will make our walk ſeem the ſhorter, and let your ſong be about Jocky and Jenny—Oh, I do love to hear you ſing.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

I never experience a greater ſatisfaction than in obeying your commands; but pray, my dear Aunt, do not be angry with me on Richards's account, you know his worth, and that we have long been betrothed to each other, I am well aſſured he loves me, and it ſhall be my conſtant ſtudy to preſerve his affection, I will ever be obedient to his will, not covet to go abroad and riot in fine cloaths, but remain at home all day like a houſe dove, and if he is with me, be glad, and merry; if he is away, I will bid my throbbing heart be ſtill and patient until he returns; and if by chance ſome drops ſhould fill my eyes, I will dry them up when I hear him coming, and meet my love with a face of joy.

DEBORAH.

Ah! bleſſings on thy dear heart, thou makeſt me love thee more and more every minute—But come Peggy, begin the ſong I mentioned, there's my good girl.

PEGGY.

You ſhall hear it directly out.

[*The following ſong was not written by the author, but introduced by Mrs. Kemble, at the particular requeſt of her friends.*]

SONG.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town, in the roſy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd and the graſs was down, and each ſhepherd woo'd his dear.
Bonny Jockey blithe and gay,
Kiſs'd ſweet Jenny making hay,
The laſſie bluſh'd and frowning cry'd, no, no, it will not do,
I cannot, cannot wonnot wonnot mannot buckle too.

Jockey

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
Tho' long he had follow'd the laſs,
Contented ſhe earn'd and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the graſs.
Bonny Jockey blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
Yet ſtill ſhe bluſh'd and frowning cry'd, no, no, it will not do,
I cannot cannot wonnot wonnot mannot buckle too.

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,
Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
She gave him her hand and a kiſs beſide,
And vow'd ſhe'd for ever be true.
Bonny Jockey blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
At church ſhe no more frowning cry'd, no, no, it will not do,
I cannot cannot wonnot wonnot mannot buckle too.

*Enter* HARRIET *(Dreſſed in Boy's Cloaths.)*

Oh! Cupid, Cupid, thou little rogue, what diſguiſes doſt thou make us aſſume, I hope I ſhall get off undiſcovered in mine. Oh! Freeman! little do you ſuſpect my guardian's duplicity; who notwithſtanding he encouraged your addreſſes to me, and pledged his ſolemn promiſe for our union, yet you was no ſooner gone to attend the duties of your profeſſion, than he would have baſely compelled me to marry his neighbour Mr. Vulture, who being old and rich, would have married me without my fortune; but I have luckily been able to eſcape the ſnare that was laid for me, and if I can but meet my Freeman—alas! ſhall I ever meet him more? oh! Freeman, were I aſſured of thy ſafety, I ſhould be more at eaſe.

SONG.

SONG.

Hope, doubt and fear are winds and waves
More dreadful to the love toſt mind,
Than thoſe the ſkilful ſeaman braves
Who leaves pale care and grief behind.

Yet oh! be ſtill, my frantic brain,
Let reaſon whiſper to thy fears,
My ſailor may return again,
Crown'd with ſucceſs to dry my tears.

Britannia hail! thou mighty queen,
The ſtrength, the power, the ſeas are thine;
Long may thy power on Juſtice lean,
To be preſerved they muſt combine.

To courage ſingly ne'er reſort,
For Virtue is thy true ſupport;
'Tis that alone can ſtrength maintain,
Be virtuous and for ever reign.

Who comes here? hey! why ſure it is Cabin the Sailor, I have ſo often ſeen with Freeman—oh! how my heart palpitates.

*Enter* CABIN.

Harkee! friend, can you tell me where I can find Captain Freeman?

CABIN.

Why I am now ſteering towards him, my little cockboat.

HARRIET.

Then he is ſafe *(Aſide)*, will you give me leave to accompany you?

CABIN.

With all my heart, why do you want to enter into the ſervice, my tight one? faith, you are a well-built little frigate, but now I take a peep at you again,

theſe timbers of yours do not ſeem fit for rough weather—damme if I think you ever had your bows ſcraped yet—your chin is as bare as a biſcuit.

HARRIET.

Come my good fellow, let us haſte to your Captain.

CABIN.

Avaſt, we muſt not weigh anchor yet, I muſt lie too a little, however, if you are in a hurry, puſh your boat off by yourſelf, you will fall in with the Captain at Squire Heartly's, near the parade.

HARRIET.

A thouſand thanks for your intelligence. [*Exit.*

CABIN.

How he ſcuds along, I think I have ſeen his phiz ſomewhere, but I cannot find by my log-book where it was.

*Enter* BOWSPRIT.

BOWSPRIT.

Rare news! Cabin, rare news, my hearty, his Majeſty's honour is coming amongſt us.

CABIN.

Is he! then I hope our meſſmates will keep themſelves ſober *(Pulls out a Flaſk Bottle and Drinks)* I muſt ſay that ſome of our men are terribly given to drinking, *(Drinks)* our crew are brave fellows to be ſure, but ſome of them will ſtow too much grog aboard, *(Drinks)* every ſoul of you would get drunk if I did not take care to prevent you. *(Drinks)*

BOWSPRIT.

Why you do take care of that indeed, if you keep all the liquor to yourſelf ——hand us a ſup; is it wine, Tom?

CABIN.

Wine! hey, do you think I have no more regard to my health than to drink wine you ſwab, no, no, wine is too ſtrong for me ſo I drink brandy—but I do

not like to take down much, only when it blows a hurricane here, why I cant a ſlug of this into my bread room to calm it; but I fancy I ſhall lay an embargo on it for the future, for as it is a French ſpirit, I do not think it can blow any good to me, no, I will ſoon leave it off, I ſhall ſteer ſteadier without it, beſides, I do not approve of applying French remedies to an Engliſh conſtitution.

BOWSPRIT.

Well ſaid, Tom.

*Enter* RUDDER, *pulling in* FLIMSEY, *Sailors following.*

RUDDER.

Here Tom Cabin, we have made bold to bring this here thing along with us; I fancy he is ſome rope-dancer, or ſome ſuch a ſort of an outlandiſh Merry-Andrew, he is quiet enough now, but when we firſt hove in ſight, he ſeemed as brave as a lion, and was abuſing a young woman, becauſe ſhe would not let him take her in tow.

CABIN.

Why you lubber, you might be ſure he could not be brave by his doing that; no, no, dammee, a brave fellow will always protect a woman: but ſcorns to inſult her.

FLIMSEY.

Hark ye tarpaulins, if you offer to detain me, I will make complaint to your officers.

CABIN.

Avaſt, maſter Tiddidoll, ſhut your biſcuit mill—I ſay, ſuppoſe we ſend this puppy aboard the tender?

FLIMSEY.

Me on board a tender, monſter!

RUDDER.

No, no, Tom, he is no more fit for ſea ſervice than brown paper is to make a mainſail.

BOWSPRIT.

BOWSPRIT.

I think I know this fair weather ſpark—ay, ay, he lived within a door or two of my mother at Brighthelmſtone, his name is Flimſey, and he is a man-milliner.

CABIN.

A what?

BOWSPRIT.

A man milliner.

CABIN.

What the devil fiſh is that?

RUDDER.

Why one that meaſures out thread and laces, and bonnets and caps, and all ſorts of head rigging for ladies.

CABIN.

Sink me if I could think a fellow would ſo much diſgrace himſelf; dammee, what a ſhame it is that a man, eſpecially an Engliſhman, ſhould ſtand behind a counter to hand out ribbons and top-knots, when hundreds of our country-women are in want of employment. Ah! no wonder there are ſo many poor unfortunate girls at a loſs for a comfortable birth, and foundered on the quickſands of diſtreſs, when ſuch lazy lubbers as you prevent their making an honeſt livelihood, by taking up a buſineſs which they only ought to purſue, and which is beneath the character of a man to follow.

FLIMSEY.

I ſhall remember this audacious language to your coſt, you brute—I inſiſt on going this inſtant.

CABIN.

So you ſhall maſter guinea pig, but it ſhall be with us. I ſay meſſmates we will take this butterfly on board, and keep him to darn ſtockings, ay, ay, we will clap him on a jacket and trowſers; he can never be rated *able* indeed, but he will paſs in *ordinary* well enough, we will give him a birth in the Cock-pit as the

ſurgeon

ſurgeons lint ſcraper, or as he is quite delicate, ſuppoſe we enter him as principal page to the admiral's tea kettle.

RUDDER.

So we will.

CABIN.

Have you picked up any more hands?

RUDDER.

Yes, we have juſt ſent locuſt the pettifogging lawyer aboard, you know he was the ſhark that cheated poor Jack Mizen's widow and ſix children out of the prize money he left them.

CABIN.

If we could lop off all ſuch unworthy limbs of the law, I am ſure the reſpectable members of the profeſſion would thank us; for it would render the whole body a great deal of ſervice; the law is like a ſhip, and ſhould be kept clear from vermin, and the uſeleſs lumber thrown overboard.

RUDDER.

Come, we muſt bear a hand, and get aboard, becauſe our commander king George is coming.

BOWSPRIT.

Avaſt, lads, let us drop anchor here a little, here, tapſter, hand out a cann of grog.

CABIN. *(Drinking.)*

See there now, you are going to drink again, you are never eaſy but when you are waſhing your lockers; I ſee how it will be—I ſay nothing—I mention no names—but I think ſomebody will be half ſeas over preſently (*drinks*). Yes, yes, I ſee ſomebody will have their upper decks overſtowed with liquor; I ſee that as clear as the ſeven elements.

RUDDER.

Seven elements! why you talk as if you had loſt your ſeven ſenſes. I tell you there are but four elements,

ments, water and malt are two of them, and fire and brimſtone the other two.

CABIN.

I am ſure there is a fifth element however, and that's brandy and tobacco. You ſon ——— of a bachelor.

*Enter* LANDLORD *with a Tankard.*

LANDLORD.

Here's the grog.

CABIN.

Let me grapple it, and I'll keep a good look out that nobody ſhall have too much of it. I will, if poſſible, hinder you from making beaſts of yourſelves; now if I was not your pilot here, damme, but ſome of you would roll about like a ſhip in a ſtorm; but we'll have a ſong; ſing away, Rudder, and we'll all bear a bob.

## S O N G.

'Twas on the twenty-eighth of May,
The morning being clear,
A fleet to windward we eſpy'd,
They Frenchmen did appear.
The ſignal for the ſame being made,
The chaſe was ſoon begun,
And then for battle we prepared
To ſhew Monſieurs ſome ſun.
On the firſt of June we play'd a tune
That made the Frenchmen ſigh,
Reſolved to ſhew the murd'rous foe,
That Britiſh courage ſtill would flow,
To make them ſtrike or die.

My ſhipmates now let's celebrate
A day of great renown,
Which will this victory relate
To ages yet unknown.

Come,

Come, let us raiſe our voice to praiſe
The gallant name of HOWE,
We'll toaſt our Admirals in our glaſs,
Our girls too ſhall go round.
Each heart ſhall ſing, Long live the King,
And each again reply,
If e'er we're call'd again we'll ſhew
That Britiſh courage ſtill ſhall flow
To make them ſtrike or die. * [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* DOLLY, DICK, *and other Country People.*

DOLLY.

Come, why doesn't thee meake heaſte, Sall, why, thou art as tireſome as our pigs at home.

*Enter* SALLY *with one Patten in her Hand, and* JOE *holding the other.*

SALLY.

Nay Dolly, doant talk ſo, I broke the ribband of my patten, and I ſtopp'd to tie it, and got our Joe to hold the other for me.

DICK.

Ay, ay, Joe is better I believe at looſening a knot than faſtening one.

JOE.

Mayhap not Dick, I fancy thee art as good as myſelf at woman's work any day.

DOLLY.

You are both bad enough for that matter, and almoſt as falſe-hearted as gentlefolks.

* This ſpirited tribute to the late glorious triumph of the Britiſh navy, was written by an officer on board the Bellerophon, the day after the action. It has been printed in the True Briton, but being in its original ſtate much too long for the ſtage, the author has taken the liberty of availing himſelf of a few ſtanzas.

*Enter*

*Enter* Sergeant FIRELOCK *and* CORPORAL CARTRIDGE.

*Drum and Fife.*

SERGEANT.

Well met, my Hercules, give me your hand my brave Alexander. *(to* Joe.*)*

JOE.

Alexander! lord, you miſtake, I was chriſten'd Joſeph.

SERGEANT.

Well ſaid Joſeph—and ſo you are come to Portſmouth to ſee the review, my honeſt fellow?

JOE.

Aye, Meaſter Sergeant.

SERGEANT.

What ſay you to going with us, we'll ſhew you reviews. How ſhould you like to be a Soldier?

DICK.

I ſhou'd like to be a Captain, but I woud'nt be a Soldier on any account.

JOE.

Well now, I ſhou'd like to be a Sailor if it was not for going to ſea.

DOLLY.

For my part I like the Soldiers beſt, they look ſo fierce and ſo meek and ſo audacious.

SALLY.

Now doan't ye ſtand chattering here, but lets begone, or we ſhall miſs the ſhew, there's to be guns firing, and bells ringing and flags flying, and—

SERGEANT.

Ah! My Lads! the Corporal and I have ſeen ſuch firing abroad.

DICK.

DICK.

Tell us ſome of the ſights you have ſeen, Sergeant.

SERGEANT.

Why Sir, I have ſeen the guns take the ſide of a houſe here, and the ſide of a houſe there, and mend them up again with the ſide of another houſe.

CORPORAL.

I have ſeen the roof of a caſtle taken off with a chain ſhot, and in the twinkling of an eye a baggage-waggon with four horſes clapped in the place on't.

JOE. *(whiſtles.)*

That's a gun.

SERGEANT.

You think he lies now, I have ſeen a ſteeple taken off with a chain ſhot, and another put in the place on't, with twenty men ringing the bells.

CORPORAL.

Pooh! what's that to what I have ſeen?—I ſaw an old man's head ſet upon a young man's ſhoulders, and once in a town beſieged, I met a hand with a letter in it poſt haſte, and by and bye whiz comes the leg after it, as if the hand had forgot half its errand.

SERGEANT.

Ay, I ſaw the very man that had loſt them come hopping upon his other leg, to raiſe a hue and cry after the bullet that had robbed him of half himſelf.

CAPTAIN.

In that very town a worthy fellow a taylor loſt his head, and it was no ſooner off but a lawyer's head that nobody owned, dropt down and ſettled upon honeſt Stitch's ſhoulders.—The fellow was ruined by

the

th change for he never ſpoke a word of truth afterwards.

JOE.

I fancy you and the Sergeant met with accidents of the ſame kind, for I never heard ſuch fibs in my born days.

SERGEANT.

We have told you nothing but truth—Liſt with us, and you will ſee all theſe fine things yourſelf when you go abroad.

JOE.

No thankee; I had rather ſtay at hoame, ecod I ſhould'nt loike to have my head whiſk'd off and ſomebody elſe's clap'd in its ſtead, for fear it ſhould'nt fit my neck ſo well as my own.

DICK.

I'fecks, mayhap one might have one's head ſhot off, and a leg with a jack boot on it ſettle in its pleace, and that would put one ſo plaguily out of countenance.

SERGEANT.

Pho, pho! you will be in no danger, lad! Muſkets and cannons are as harmleſs as haybands, when one is uſed to them—why Sir I have often ſlept in a cannon, and once when I was taking a nap there, I was fired off amongſt the enemy, who inſtead of detaining me as a priſoner of war, popped me into another cannon, and ſent me back again the ſame way, and hang me if I received the leaſt injury.

JOE.

Well you are letting off your great guns at a fine rate, Maſter Sergeant, but you are only throwing away your powder, for all theſe reports won't make us go off with you abroad, for we be come to

Portſmouth to look at what will pleaſe us much better than any thing we can ſee in foreign parts.

SERGEANT.

What's that?

JOE.

Why King George and his family, and to ſee them in good health and ſpirits, is a ſight we would rather behold than any other you can mention.

SERGEANT.

Well ſaid, my lad, come, you ſhall go with us to the review, and afterwards take ſhare of a mug of ale with me—nay you ſhall all go with us.

JOE.

With all my heart.

*Enter* SUSAN, *fanning herſelf with her Hat.*

SUSAN.

I have walked myſelf out of breath to overtake you; there be all the tip top gentlefolks coming, lords, dukes, ſquires, biſhops, and church-wardens.

DOLLY.

What's that peaper thee has't got in thy hand?

SUSAN.

Why I ſtaid at field end to hear a man ſing purely all about the ſhow that is to be; and ſo I gave him a halfpenny for the ballad, and I got the tune for nothing, come you ſhall hear it.

SONG. *Suſan.*

The bells are begun and the muſic folks play,
The fine flags are flying in ſunſhine of day,
The ſea and the ſhore with re-echoings ring,
His Majeſty comes, and we honour our King.

Our

Our rakes lie neglected along the new hay,
And ploughs are forſook for the ſake of this day,
Abroad all is mirth, ſo we ſeek for a ſhare,
At home we've left labour to look after care.

'Tis holiday all, and we'll holiday make,
'Tis all for—God bleſs him, his Majeſty's ſake,
Tho' ſimple my ſong is, and ſimply I ſing,
Yet who can ſay better, than long live the King.

[*Exeunt Singing.*

SCENE, *a Room at a Tavern. Table with Wine, Punch, &c. on. Enter* CAPTAIN FREEMAN, *and* HEARTLY.

CAPTAIN.

Yes, yes, Charles, as this is a day of jollity, I mean to throw aſide all ceremony, and take my glaſs in company with the honeſt tars that I have invited here, and you muſt be of our party.

HEARTLY.

Willingly—There is ſomething ſo truly original in the character of Engliſh Seamen, ſo hearty, and ſo diſintereſted, which is ſeldom to be met with in any other kingdom.

*Enter* CABIN, RUDDER, BOWSPRIT, *and other Sailors.*

CAPTAIN FREEMAN.

Come, my boys, ſit down, and take your glaſſes, and fill them to the brim.

CABIN.

If it was'nt that I diſlike diſobeying orders, I woud'nt touch a drop, but however your honour commands, and ſo here goes.

CAPTAIN.

Cabin, I don't wiſh you to drink if its diſagreeable to you.

CABIN.

CABIN.

Thank your honour, but as every body elſe ſeems inclined to it, I won't look particular by refuſing, though I aſſure your honour it goes againſt my ſtomach.

CAPTAIN.

Now my lads a bumper—here's his majeſty's health *(drinks.)* long may he live, and may his ſubjects rejoice in him.

CABIN.

I muſt drink that however, here's King George's health, God bleſs him, and that's all the harm I wiſh him. [*All drink, the ſailors give three cheers and the boatſwain pipes.*

RUDDER.

I ſay Cabin, we are to make another trip ſoon, ſo puſh the grog about, for who knows if we ſhall ever ſee old England again.

CABIN.

Why we muſt take our chance, and if we are popped into Davy Jones's locker, our wives and children will be taken in tow afterwards, and that is a great comfort.

BOWSPRIT.

How do you mean, Cabin?

CABIN.

Mean! why not only our country *men*, but our country *women*, have with the true ſpirit of Britiſh generoſity, entered into a large ſubſcription, to provide for the neceſſities of the widows and orphans of thoſe brave fellows, who glorioufly fall in defending the cauſe of their King and Country.

RUDDER.

Damme but I'd drink good luck to them in a can of grog, as deep as the Bay of Biſcay.

CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

Ay, my boys, however the folks of Old England may differ amongſt themſelves in ſome points, yet there is one caſe in which they always agree, whenever the ſignal of diſtreſs is thrown out, they inſtantly crowd all the ſail they can to afford relief, and I am ſure they never feel happier, than when they ſee thoſe who have been beating about on the ſhoals of affliction, ſafe moored in the harbour of proſperity.

CABIN.

I hope captain that the veſſel called Great Britain, may always have a pilot at her helm, that will keep a good look out to ſteer her ſteady, and in rough weather, if the whole crew go hand in hand with him, and lend their help, dammee but ſhe may bid defiance to any ſtorm that can threaten her.

RUDDER.

Ay, the Britannia is as noble a veſſel as was ever launched, and I think the Conſtitution is a well built little frigate too.

CAPTAIN.

Well ſaid, my lad, and you ſhall all drink a bumper to that frigate—charge your glaſſes—may the Engliſh Conſtitution never have a rotten plank, but live in ſpite of every ſquall of faction, and ſail down the current of time, the wonder of the world.

SAILORS.

Huzza! huzza! huzza!

CABIN.

O dear, now I ſhall be obliged to drink again, that's bearing damn'd hard upon me.

CAPTAIN.

Now my jolly fellows, ſuppoſe we have a ſong, I'll try at one myſelf if you will bear a chorus.

SAILORS.

SAILORS.

We will, noble captain.

(*Enter* LANDLORD.)

LANDLORD.

Here is a young gentleman wiſhes to ſpeak with you, captain.

CAPTAIN.

I will be with him directly. [*Exit* Landlord.

HEARTLY.

Let us have the ſong firſt, and I will accompany you.

CAPTAIN.

With all my heart.

## SONG.

Ye free born ſons, Britannia's boaſt,
Firm as your rock ſurrounded coaſt,
Ye ſovereigns of the ſea;
On every ſhore where billows roll,
From eaſt, to weſt, from pole, to pole,
Fair conqueſt celebrates your fame,
Witneſs'd aloud by wondering fame,
Ye lads who dare be free.

Miſtake me not my hearts of oak,
I ſcorn with liberty to joke,
Ye ſovereigns of the ſea;
Aſſiſt, uphold your church and ſtate,
Your great men good, and good men great,
Awe all abroad, at home unite,
And jovial join in factions ſpite,
Then, then my friends, you are free.

Ye ſovereigns of wide ocean's waves
To heroes long enſhrin'd in graves,
A requiem let us ſing;

I, Al-

I, Alfred, Henry, Edward name,
Then William our deliverer came,
May future ages Brunſwick own,
Perpetual heir to Britain's throne,
So here's God ſave the King.

[*Exeunt* Captain Freeman *and* Heartly.

CABIN.

Now you muſt not think of ſtaying here to drink, we have got ſomething elſe to mind. (*Bows.*) What can we mind better while we are on ſhore?

RUDDER.

Ay, or at ſea, either, except it is fighting.

*Enter* LANDLORD.

LANDLORD.

Make haſte, my boys, his Majeſty is going aboard directly.

CABIN.

Heave a head my lads, and let us be ready to receive him.
Huzza! King George and Old England for ever.

[*Exeunt Sailors huzzaing.*

*Enter* CAPTAIN FREEMAN, HEARTLY, *and* HARRIET.

CAPTAIN.

Is it poſſible? and are you really my Harriet?

HARRIET.

That I am Harriet is moſt certain, and that I have conſidered myſelf your Harriet, is as certain, or I ſhould not have taken ſo much trouble to find you.

CAPTAIN.

My deareſt love, how much I feel myſelf indebted to you for this proof of your conſtancy and affection.

HARRIET.

HARRIET.

You ſee what unaccountable creatures we women are, after making, and unmaking a thouſand reſolutions, I contrived to get the writings of my fortune, which my guardian refuſed to give up to me, and thus accoutred, eſcaped from his tyranny; now if my frolic has not made you think light of me, and if my hand that gives theſe papers to your protection, can give you any farther pleaſure, my heart is yours.

CAPTAIN.

My deareſt Harriet, I want words to expreſs the joy this declaration affords me.

HEARTLY.

I wiſh you joy, madam.

HARRIET.

I hope I ſhall not incur any cenſure, Mr. Heartly, by this conduct, as I aſſure you, ſir, I only obey the commands of my much loved and honoured parents, who always taught me to look on Mr. Freeman as my intended huſband, which my guardian, from intereſted motives, would have prevented.

*Enter* CABIN *and Sailors.*

CABIN.

Your honour, his Majeſty's worſhip is expected every minute.

CAPTAIN.

I will accompany you, my lads; this will be an exhibition that no part of the world can equal; a King of Great Britain reviewing his Royal Navy, and encouraging, by his preſence, his honeſt hearted ſailors, is ſuch a picture, that every Engliſhman muſt exult in. It has long been wiſh'd for, and the accompliſhment of it muſt give univerſal ſatisfaction.

CABIN.

CABIN.

Dammee, but I believe the ocean is the firmeſt ground an Engliſhman can ſtand upon.

HEARTLY.

Well ſaid, my honeſt fellow.

CAPTAIN.

Since our foes have rouzed the Britiſh Lion, they ſhall find, that though an Engliſhman is too juſt to draw his ſword without reaſon, he is too brave to ſheath it without honour.

[*The boatſwain's call is heard behind the ſcenes. The ſailors run off, crying out, aye, aye, a loud hallowing behind, guns fired at a diſtance, the ſcene draws, and diſcovers the ſhips and boats as at the review. After which, enter all the characters, when the following ſong is ſung.*]

CAPTAIN FREEMAN.

Great Britain ſtill her charter boaſts,
Which Heav'n benignly gave;
Tho' hoſtile pow'rs ſurround our coaſts,
Our darling land we'll ſave;
Old England will be England ſtill,
And aid each good ally;
Nor dread alarms, while Britiſh arms
Are crown'd with victory.

SUSAN.

When princes take the lead in war,
To guard a nation's laws;
The yeoman ſcorns each threat'ning ſcar,
And joins the common cauſe.
Old England, &c.

PEGGY.

Let valour now with mercy blend,
While juſtice ſtrikes the blow;
Our rights preſerve, our king defend,
And ſcourge a haughty foe.
Old England, &c.

HARRIET.

Here one impregnant phalanx ſtands,
T'aſſert great fate's decree,
King, Lords, and Commons joining hands,
Protect our liberty.
Old England, &c.

THE END.